

As Pegler Sees It:

History Written While It's Hot

By WESTBROOK PEGLER

ALTHOUGH THE ROOSEVELT families, Theodore's and Franklin's, have been the most influential Americans of all to date there is a terrible censorship at work to suppress or discredit derogatory information about them and to maintain laudation, even idolatry, as truth. In 1959, the year of a mysterious hosanna for Eleanor Roosevelt, men with power over the public intelligence presumed to deceive the future.



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Eleanor was 75 years old. That was the excuse for a campaign of love waged mainly by anonymous editorial writers who may actually detest her and who, in any case, spoke only for business firms owning publications. Business firms are incapable of love.

The remainder were mainly "professors" in leaky-roof academies hungering always for the sordid shilling of the state. This fawning by certified "educators" has been a disrupting force since 1933. The hosts of "education" complain bitterly of "anti-intellectualism," a clumsy, illegitimate word of their own, but the professoriat have discredited "education" by trying to reconcile Roosevelt and his wife with conventional morals and the Constitution. Currently they boldly unmask James G. Blaine, but mention Mrs. Roosevelt only in reverence.

Carl Sandberg became, by thoughtless acclaim, a man for the ages by searching out Abe Lincoln's bibs, booties and ringlets, but Lincoln is not enhanced, he is rather embarrassed, by Sandberg's vast and tiresome adulation. Lincoln, himself, might have rejected the implication that a grunt from Abe Lincoln was God's very voice, addressing man from Heaven. So the Lincoln testament to history is, on the whole, misleading.

Not Motivated By Spite

I sustain myself by innate loyalty to truth when I am accused of living spitefully in the past. Spite is no motive of mine. None of the Roosevelts ever hurt me and a warm friendship for young Ted and Archie goes back to the First Division in France in the first war. To be sure, the Franklin Roosevelts wronged me in my ideals, my rights and my citizenship in a republic, but only to the extent that all of the rest of us were hurt. Archie thinks as I do here.

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And, if I am living in the past, then what about many opinionated, conjecturing historians haunting the periodical rooms of libraries for salacious gossip about Harding, Cleveland and the quiet wives of Presidents dead and gone? Is it not better to set down history fresh and warm, even hot, in its own hour?

Both Roosevelt branches were rich from a common source, the artful, legal theft of street ends on the Hudson River in New York. They were speculators and merchants also until they had wealth behind them. Then they became typical, self-indulgent, stingy and in the case of Eleanor's father, drunken parasites. Eleanor's mother was no more fit than Eleanor herself to set an example of duty and responsibility to children. Eleanor's own first book sweetly admits her parents' unworthiness.

Theodore Was Moral, Manly

Unaccountably, Theodore had good personal morals and a manly personality by contrast with Franklin's sulky aversion to physical competition with robust boys and young men in those stages of his life. But Theodore, and Elliott (the father of Eleanor), were sons of a rich and shameless slacker of the Civil War. This may explain Theodore's whooping enthusiasm in our Summer war with Spain in Cuba. As Archie recently said, that was a tin-pot war, to be sure, but the only war going in father's time. So father made the most of it.

All four of Theodore's son's were combat men in the first war. All three survivors went to the second war. Quentin and Ted died in battle, and Archie has spent seven years at war from Cantigny to New Guinea. Kermit died after his second war.

The aggregate history of the Roosevelts of both lines is nevertheless a terrible mishap in the life of mankind. Yet petty censors in "education" and "communications" are presuming now to confirm fraudulent data and to expunge forever knowledge which would help explain man's strange adventures in this time.

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